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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

MOTHER'S POEMS.

by

ELIZABETH SPRINGER PHILLIPS.

It's a duty we owe
To God and Man,
To let our lights shine
As bright as we can.

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PREFACE.

These Poems were written by Elizabeth Springer Phillips, upon the spur of the moment and without forethought or study, and show the inspiration of verse which is her natural talent. She is the daughter of David Springer, (great Grandson of Christopher Springer, second son of the King of Sweden), and one of the pioneer families of Iowa.

She was born March 2nd, 1840, and married at the age of nineteen to Jackson Phillips, and emigrated to Nebraska with her husband, who was one of the pioneers of that state; and without the chances of education or culture, her soul sentiments show refinement and deep thought, and love for justice and truth.

I'm feeling old and weary;
And getting old and gray;
And the time will come,
When everyone,
From earth must pass away.

Mother.

Kindness.

Cast your bread upon the waters,
  By little acts of love;
And he who knoweth all things,
  Will bless you from above.

One little act of kindness,
  May save a precious life;
Who sinks beneath the burdens
  Of earth, and its care and strife.

Cast your bread upon the waters,
  And if in need, you'll see
Some silent little angel,
  Will bring it back to thee.

The Last Good Night.

Do you ever think,
When going to bed,
That the last good-night
Will sometime be said?

The last sweet kiss,
From sister and brother;
The last fond caress,
From father and mother?

We know not how soon
Will be laid away,
In the cold, damp earth,
This house of clay.

Be sure to be ready,
When the time does come,
To go rejoicing
To a Heavenly Home.

My Mother.

I think of her now,
In that Land of the Blest;
At home with her Saviour,
Forever at rest.

I think of her now,
As an Angel of Light;
Who beholds me at will,
Tho' veiled from my sight.

Now free is the spirit
That's soaring away;
Once bound to earth
In a prison of clay.

As she mingles in rapture
With the glorified throng;
Singing anthems of praise
As they're wafted along.

Sister Villa.

Precious sister, while I'm writing,
Tears are falling like the dew;
Would to God that I could lighten
Sorrows that are crushing you.

I am thinking, sadly thinking,
Of the years that're past and gone;
Then you were a sweet young maiden,
Faultless as the rose of dawn.

Flattered then by all who knew you,
With your guiless, winsome ways;
Some could meet with but to praise you
In those girlhood happy days.

Precious sister, while I'm writing,
Tears are falling like the dew;
Would to God that I could lighten
Sorrows that are crushing you.

Look to God for strength to bear them;
He will help you, never fear,
If you put your whole trust in him,
No other friend can be so near.

God alone can rule in all things;
  Should our sorrows like mountains rise,
While passing through the refiner's fire,
  'Twill better fit us for the skies.

And when we meet beyond the river,
  Of this life's tempestuous sea,
We may look on the past forever,
  With joy that from these we're free.

Love.

Love being the theme,
We are left to choose
What love to accept,
Or what love to refuse.

There's a love for the good
And a love for the bad.
It's the pure love of God
That makes the heart glad.

There's a love to do right
And a love to do wrong.
'Twix the good and the evil
The line should be drawn.

Love has been talked of
Much of late.
I love good,
But evil I hate.

And my advice
To woman and man,
Is never to love
On the free-love plan.

But ever be courteous,
Kind and civil,
And have nothing to do
With the appearence of evil.

You'll never regret it
If you take this advice;
'Tis honest and true,
Has been proved more than twice.

My Prayer.

Now, Heavenly Father,
Please answer my prayer;
For I'm trying to climb
Up the Golden Stair.

Please take that woman
Let me alone;
For of the Dress Question
So tired I've grown.

They can have bric a brac,
Trimmings and lace;
But a ruffle on my dress
They think is a disgrace.

Heavenly Father,
Give her to see
She's neglecting her duty,
While lecturing me.

I find it's a wonderful
Cross to me,
To dictate to others
What they must be.

It's a duty we owe
To God and man,
To let our lights shine
As bright as we can.

Feb.28, 1888.

Reunion.

Cheer up, my precious!
I believe there's a dawning;
A brighter tomorrow,
For you and for me.

Let us hope that we've drained
The cup of our sorrow;
And in the near future
From this we'll be free.

Cheer up, we'll soon be together;
And talk of those loved ones,
Who've passed on before
O'er the beautiful sea.

There's father and mother,
And sisters and brother,
And it will not be long
Ere together we'll be.

I seem to hear them;
Must be very near them;
Though my eyes are now holden,
Their faces cannot see.

When we step o'er the portal,
To the land that's immortal,
We then with those loved ones
Forever may be.

December 29, 1893.

Don't Be An Actress.

Oh! my darling, precious
loved one,
When they ask you, tell
them no.
Don't you be a shameless
actress,
On the stage please do
not go.

Don't put yourself on
exhibition,
In such a public sort
of way.
Pitiable is the condition
Of one who thus is led
astray.

Flirting.

Girls, don't flirt with a man who
is wed;
It shows a soft spot in your head.
To begin it's not right,
And yourself you'll spite,
If you flirt with a man who is wed.

Don't walk on the street day or
night,
With a man who will smoke or get
tight;
But think in due season,
Be taught by good reason,
And with such a man don't unite.

Haven of Rest.

Beautiful, beautiful
  Haven of Rest;
Home of the purified
  Perfect and blest.

Oh! how I long to meet
  Those who are there;
Wafted along on the
  Sweet balmy air.

There'll be no parting,
  No sorrow nor tears;
But joy beyond measure,
  Through all coming years.

Drifting.

We are drifting, drifting,
Slow but sure;
High and low,
Rich and poor.

We are on the ship
That never stands still
Be it ever so much
Against our will.

We are about to go
Along with the tide;
That lands us over
On the other side.

My Home.

I'm looking for a home;
Above the rolling seas;
Above the snow-capped mountains;
Away from all disease.

Away from every sorrow,
And free from every care;
A pure ethereal home;
A mansion in the air.

The fragrant air of Heaven,
With flowers blooming sweet;
The canopy above me;
The clouds beneath my feet.

My company sweetest angels;
With God's eternal love.
Oh! wont I be happy,
When I reach my home above!

I'm looking for a City
That's out of sight to find;
A City that's just suited
To my spirit's mind.

A City where the streets
Are paved with purest gold;
A City whose inhabitants
Never will grow old..

I expect to meet a company,
That has passed on before;
Who joyfully will welcome me,
To the immortal shore.

We've often met together,
In praise and prayer while here;
And I trust we'll meet forever,
In praise and glory there.

And sail the boundless ocean,
Of God's eternal love;
Oh! wont we all be happy,
When we're all safe home above!

October 28, 1896.

False Religion.

I'd be glad to get away from you,
You're such a horrid pick;
You talk and act so dreadfully,
You make me worse than sick.

You pretend to be so very good,
And do things so very bad.
You seem to be the happiest
When you think you've made me sad.

Away with such religion!
In it I take no stock.
God surely is not in it,
Why make ye such a mock?

You advocate the cause of love,
And sow the seeds of hate.
I hope and trust you will repent,
Before it is too late.

Sept.4, 1894.

The Loom.

Whang ity whang,
  The old loom goes;
Beating out carpets
  From threads of old clothes.

From early dawn
  To close of day,
Patient toil makes
  The old loom pay.

Whang ity whang,
  From morning 'till night;
Brings beautiful stripes
  Of red, blue and white.

What would we do,
  Do you suppose,
If we had no weavers,
  But freeze our toes

Companions.

When your wife was a lassie,
So lovely and sweet,
You was ready to throw
Yourself down at her feet;
And vow that you'd ever be loving
and true,
If she only would share her sweet life
with you.

Be true to the vow
That you took when you wed;
And thy confidence daily renew.
Then you'll not look back,
On the life that is past,
With regrets that you never was
true.

'Tis an oath that when broken
Will bring to the end,
A lingering and bitter regret;
Your chosen companion
Should be your best friend,
Whose best interest you ne'er should
forget.

Oct. 26, 1892.

The Unseen Power.

There's an unseen power,
That develops the flower;
And also the fruit and the grain.
Sends the cold and the heat;
And the grass 'neath our feet;
And supplies us with showers of rain.

They come and they go,
Like the frost and the snow,
Out of everywhere, here;
Yet we cannot learn the trade,
By which they are made,
Or how they are kept in their sphere.

'Tis God reigns supreme;
Sends the dewdrops that glean,
Refreshening the beautiful flowers;
Rolls the darkness away,
Gives the brightness of day;
And songs to the birds in their bowers.

August 27, 1891.

The Smoker.

See, there he goes
With a pipe at his nose,
And a fume that's hard to endure;
Says it keeps his nose warm,
And 'twill do him no harm;
But he ought to know better I'm sure.

For he burns up the money,
That should buy meat and honey,
And clothes for his children and wife.
And spits all around,
On the floor and the ground;
Which stirs up contention and strife.

Then he poisons the air,
Which we all know is not fair;
So open the door and be quick,
For without any joke,
This tobacco fume smoke
Makes my headache 'till I'm sick.

Divide With Your Wife.

Keep a tight grip
On your pocket, my boy;
For money's a slippery thing;
And the loss of which
Is sure to annoy,
And many sad hours 'twill bring.

I kindly advise you
Divide with your wife,
The money you've by you each day;
And then, my word for it,
At the end of your life,
You'll find it's a rule that will pay.

Say give her one-third,
By law 'tis her due;
And a chance to make use of her brain;
Then let her decide
Whether victuals or clothes she shall buy,
And have what doth remain.

April 3, 1893.

Thankfulness.

I thank Thee, Lord,
For a soft clean bed,
On which to rest
My weary head.

For the fragrant flowers,
And the fresh green trees;
And also the cool,
Refreshening breeze.

For the pleasant sunshine;
For the dew and rain;
The delicious fruit,
And the golden grain.

For the beautiful birds,
That fill the air
With sweetest music,
Everywhere.

For the sword of the spirit;
For the gift of Thy Son;
And a home in Heaven,
When my earth work's done.

The Reckless Heart.

He seeks as his prize,
The noble and pure;
Using every device,
Success to insure.

He brings her the best
Of fruits and of flowers;
And with music and song
Whiles away the hours.

The best of all that
He tastes or sees,
He shares with the one
Whom he tries to please.

She never can go
With another, no, no,
For he is peristently
Bothering her so.

No need to hint
For a drive or a dance;
The ponies are ready,
And away they do prance.

And when she refuses
To become his wife;
He vows and declares
He'll take his own life.

One really would think
He would die of despair;
As he's kneeling before her,
His love to declare.

But when they are wedded
A month or two,
How different the way
He begins to pursue.

The offerings of love
Are withdrawn in a thrice;
And clouded with frowns
Are each pleasing device.

And before she's ever
Become a mother,
He's off to the dance
To flirt with another.

How little he thinks
Of the oath he has taken,
To be true to his wife,
And how soon she's forsaken.

For one who is not
Any better than he;
Or from such flirtations
She'd keep herself free.

Evil Appearences.

Don't say you'll flirt with your neighbor
And don't care what the people may say;
And that it's none of their business,
You're going to have your own way.

Avoid the appearence of evil,
Whatever else you do;
'Tis better than house and stock and barn
Altho' they may be new.

Avoid the appearence of evil,
The All-seeing eye is near;
Discerning the secret intention of
Your heart, to Him all things are clear.

Avoid the appearence of evil,
For Satan sets many a trap;
And Haman was hung on the gallows
He prepared for the other chap.

Right is might at the end of the race;
I'll stick to it while I live;
Altho' I've many hard things to bear;
And many mysterious things to forgive.

March 5, 1894.

The Patient Wife.

I'm up in the morning
At dawning of day;
And working and working,
And working away.

'Till I'm foot-sore and weary,
And worn out with care;
And my victuals and clothes,
Are the bulk of my fare.

There's a ten-hour system
For man and for beast;
But some mothers, with seven children,
Must work twelve, at least.

And when it is done,
All they have for their share,
Is money to buy
Cheap clothing, with care.

My poor weary feet,
And my poor aching head,
Might sweetly be resting
On a soft downy bed.

Had I the planning
Of what I have earned,
How very much different
All things would have turned.

I could listen to the carol
Of sweet singing birds;
And talk to my husband
In kind, loving words.

We'd harness our ponies
And hie away;
Instead of trudging
About all day.

Childhood.

Precious blossoms,
Tender, sweet;
Bees and honey
At thy feet.

Soft and balmy,
Perfumed air;
Flowers scattered
Everywhere.

Oh! those bright
And happy days;
Childish innocence
And ways.

Free from sorrow,
Care and pain;
Would they could
Come again.

With my mother's
Tender love:
Would I call her
From above?

Call her from a
World of bliss;
To a wicked
World like this?

No, she has left it
All behind;
I'll go to her
New joys to find.

In the mansions
Of the blest,
Find eternal
Love and rest.
March 7,1894.

Tight Shoes.

God gave me hands,
And gave me feet;
He made them
Perfect and complete.

And while on earth
I live below,
He'll give me sense
To keep them so.

I do not press them,
In a shoe
Too small, because
They're number two.

I'd rather have
Number three;
So I can walk
With liberty.

And should my feet
Require more,
I'd not object
To number four.

For, my goodness
Sakes alive,
Some women wear
A number five.

And it would be
No fault of mine,
Should I require
A number nine.
Oct.16, 1888.

The Two Spiritualists.

He tells me I'm a spiritualist;
And I cannot help but smile,
And say, Most assuredly, sir,
But not of your modern style..

I suppose you understand, sir,
There's two classes by this name;
One leads a life of purity,
The other a life of shame.

One says, "I'll do just as I please,
I don't care what people say".
The other, "I'll avoid the appearence
Of evil, and walk in the narrow way".

One glories in contention,
And loves to stir up strife;
And never seems so happy,
As while parting man and wife.

Then blames the innocent party-
Who's been stirred and stirred-
If that innocent party
Dares to say a word.

Well this is the kind of spirit-
Anyone will know-
That don't belong to the upper sphere
But the regions down below.

The trouble is this-
Don't think me unkind-
But so plainly I see
You are spiritually blind.

We must worship in spirit
And truth, don't you see?
And from evil influences
Ever be free.

Look to the giver of
Life, light and love;
And ask for the blessings
That comes from above.

The tempest-tossed sailor,
What could he do,
With no compass to guide him
Nor part to sail to?

Aug. 7, 1896.

The Country.

The country is the place for me;
I love it's fragrant flowers.
I love the fresh green grass to see,
And the birds among the bowers.

I love to listen to their song;
They make the valleys ring
With sweetest music, all day long,
In the pleasant days of Spring.

I like to see the grazing sheep,
And hear their bleating lambs;
Or listen to the tinkling bells,
As they frisk around their dams.

'Tis pleasant for to sit awhile,
Beneath some shady bower,
And watch the merry butterfly,
In Summer's sultry hour.

Or sit upon a mossy bank,
Beneath the shady trees;
Or listen to the pleasant hum
Of the honey bees.

There is music in the mother-hen
  That wanders with her chicks;
In search of choicest food for them,
  Along the pebbled creeks.

And pleasant 'tis to listen to
  The fountains gentle flow;
Which brings to mind a future time,
  And days of long ago.

The country is the place for me;
  God's work is in nature seen;
He gives to us rich harvest,
  Good butter, milk and cream.

And many, many more good things,
  The Lord on us bestows;
But I must stop, this subject drop,
  And bring this to a close.

April 30, 1865.

Good Advice.

Did you come here to talk
Of those feathers and flowers?
I came here to think
Of those heavenly bowers.

That my mind might be lifted,
To those fair worlds on high;
And to drink of the fountain.
That never runs dry.

I'm seeking for knowledge,
This world cannot give;
My trust is in Jesus,
In whom I believe.

Away with temptations,
With trials and care;
False friends and delusion,
And all of their snares.

They all come of darkness,
And withering blight;
While climbing Mt. Zion,
We must walk in the light

You should not indulge
In that you condemn;
Or cover up laces,
With a plain deep hem.

For God can see
Right down in the heart;
If it's wrong for to wear them,
With them you should part.

Go not to extremes,
In this way or that;
In wearing of diamonds,
Or a gay, stylish hat.

Trust in the Lord,
He'll guide you aright;
While climbing Mt. Zion,
You must walk in the light.

Jan. 30, 1888.

My Child.

A beautiful treasure,
Too sweet for earth,
Came to cheer
Our fireside hearth.

For three short years,
With her childish glee,
She was the essence of
Sunshine to me.

With her sweet red lips
And large black eyes,
Oh! she was a wonder,
A treasure, a prize.

But the Lord sent
His angel, one day,
And took my darling,
My treasure, away.

It seemed that 'twould almost
break my heart;
Thus with my precious,
Sweet one, to part.

And Oh! how it chilled
My heart, to know
That her tender form
Would be laid 'neath the snow.

I was bowed in grief
'Neath the chastening rod;
A voice seemed to say,
"Thy child is with God".

I know by the impress,
Divinely given,
My precious, sweet pet,
Is an angel in Heaven.

I think of her now
As a rose-bud of light;
Arranged in garments
Of beautiful white.

Free from all
Corruptable things;
With her golden harp
And beautiful wings.

The joy of her Saviour,
She ever will be;
For he says, "Let the Little Ones
Come unto me".

Oh! why should I pine,
Now I know she is there,
Free from earth's trials,
Sorrows and care.

Nov.7, 1888.

The Deceiver.

We all know 'tis wrong,
For a husband to leave
His own trusting wife;
To thus viley deceive.

To care for his children,
And to patch his old pants;
While he's off to the theatre,
Or away to the dance.

And that is not all,
He's no sooner there,
Than he proves by his actions
For his wife he don't care.

He gets his eyes fixed
On some weak-minded girl;
With his arm around her waist,
They're soon in a whirl.

He don't seem to care
For the oath he has taken;
Much less the lone wife,
Whose heart he is breaking.

My Daughters.

I've two precious daughters,
My life and my light;
But I cannot tell
Which from the other.

Which is my life
Or which is my light;
For they both are
So dear to their mother.

No matter what idea
Their name conveys;
To me they are both sweet
In their innocent ways.

They take great delight
In doing what's right;
For they know that
The wrong never pays.

One has three boys,
And a dear little girl;
The other has only
One sweet little Pearl

Our Darling.

Darling daughter, how we miss thee;
Precious child, thou wast so dear.
How often we have wished to kiss thee,
And wept because thou art not here.

We miss thy bounding little footsteps,
And thy pretty smiling face.
Thou art not here, our child, to cheer us,
And lonely is thy vacant place.

Lord grant us strength to bear this trial;
Support us in each lonely hour.
May we meet in heaven again our loved ones
Lord save us, by thy power.

An Acrostic.
"Elizabeth".

Eunice, dear sister, do write unto me;
Listen, I'm writing my name unto thee.
I'm sitting and musing what next to write;
Zephyrus are whispering, the moon shining bright.
All silently sleeping, not a sound to be heard
But the cricket's shrill note, or the song of a bird.
Evening is the pleasantest part of the day;
'Tis then that we read, talk, sing and pray
Having now finished my name, as you see;
I will bid you farewell, now write unto me.

A Perfect Man.

Noble husband, kind and true;
Comes in, says, "wife, what can I do,
To lighten the burden of the day?"
Then with the baby begins to play.

He is so pleasant all the while,
The weary wife can't help but smile;
And half the cares seem lifted now,
As she proudly views his manly brow.

No sullen scowl can there be seen;
No vulgar taint or aught that's mean
She does not have to tease and fret,
For wood and water, the dinner to get

He loved her in an early day;
That love he does not now betray,
By cool neglect and careless air,
That I've seen husbands often wear.

He never does, in thoughts or word,
Betray the trust in him conferred.
Some perhaps wont like the plan,
Of being such a perfect man.

Ten Hogs.

Ten hogs running,
  The nasty, dirty brutes.
Overturning everything,
  With their dirty snouts.

Who do they belong to?
  The man across the way.
While eating up his neighbor's corn,
  He's getting rich they say.

I pity his honest neighbor,
  He is such a patient man.
To be thus imposed upon,
  By such a rooting plan.

I'll tell you what I would do.
  I would make a little pen,
Which I would drive the hogs into;
  And go to town, and then-

Describe them to the Sheriff;
  He would make him pay the cost.
I would not feed his hogs six months,
  And suffer all the loss.

Accordingly thecdeed was done;
And the man had to pay
Sixteen dollars, damage done,
By the hogs across the way.

And then at early dawn of day,
He began to look and whine.
Charging some one with the deed,
Of stealing his precious swine.

He surely cannot be aware,
He is doing all he can,
Against his reputation,
As an honest man.

Satan, as a roaring lion,
Seeks whom he may devour.
And I fear this greedy man,
Is fully in his power.

The Farewell.

'Twas in 1859,
That day I will ne'er forget;
My heart was filled with sorrow,
And the sky with clouds was set.

'Twas on the 17th day of January,
When I bid my friends farewell;
Far in the western country,
In the future for to dwell.

Here is my ambro type, dear mother,
As a token of my love.
And if we meet on earth no more,
I trust we'll meet above.

Remember us, my father,
When we are far away.
And if we meet on earth no more,
For each other we can pray.

Weep not for us, kind sisters,
Those useless tears refrain.
If we meet no more on earth,
In heaven we can meet again.

Brother, you look sad today,
And I am going away.
I hope you'll remember me,
And not forget to pray.

Our road we silently pursue,
The farewell glance bestowing.
We put up at the Eastern House,
In the town that's called Wyoming.

I'm writing this in my Journal,-
My husband is out in town;
We met with quite an accident,
And came near breaking down.

While crossing some new breaking,
We got a sudden jolt.
We drove into a ditch,
And broke our buggy bolt.

The parlor here is comfortable,
And everything quite neat.
'Twill soon be time for supper.
I hope we'll have something good to

This town is very pleasant,
  The house is clean and new.
I wish this was our destination.
  But we must our way pursue.

Dear Mother, could I see you,
  It would ease my aching heart;
But now I know it can't be so,
  We are now so far apart.

Mother, how sweet the name doth sound.
  'Tis music to my ear;
And I, alas, am far from you;
  No more your voice can hear.

When will this sorrow have an end?
  Thy face,when shall I see?
Gladly would I lay by this pen,
  In thy presence for to be.

In Paradise.

I believe there are,
Beautiful seas and beautiful fountains,
Beautiful groves and beautiful mountains,
Beautiful birds and beautiful bowers,
And pure loving words
Mid the fragrance of flowers,
And Oh! what a happy home will be ours,
When we reach that beautiful land,

We'll be free from sorrow
And free from all care;
And beautiful robes
Of righteousness wear;
And all the dear ones,
We hope to meet there;
In that beautiful, beautiful land.

My Birds,

Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link,
Sweet bird of my choice;
How cheering to listen,
To thy sweet warbling voice.

Bright meadow Lark,
Beautiful bird;
Sweet was the song,
That this morning I heard.

From the top of the tree,
He was singing to me.
My beautiful, beautiful,
Beautiful bird.

Sing, pretty birds,
As you fly in the air;
Soothing our sorrows,
And brightening our care.

Hark! the sharp crack
  Of a rifle is heard;
And down comes the beautiful,
  Fluttering bird.

The sweet song is hushed,
  Our birdie is dead.
His corpse will be perched,
  On some thoughtless girl's head.

God grant me wisdom,
  And give me words,
To speak in defense,
  Of the beautiful birds.

The lovely birds,
  The dear little things;
Are killed by thousands,
  For their beautiful wings.

July 21,1893.

ACROSTIC.

Oliver Harlan Phillips.

Oh! my son, could I but know,
Life would have more joy than woe;
Love to God thy heart possessed,
In this, my mind would be at rest.
Virtue, may your motto be;
Ever avoid evil company;
Resist the Devil and he will flee.

Happy is the child who heeds,
A Saviour's warning voice.
Return, return, why will ye die;
Let wisdom be your choice,
And your guardian ever be,
Now, and to eternity.

Putting evil thoughts away,
Hating none for what they say,
If through sin they falsely speak;
Loving all for Jesus sake.
Listen, I go not amiss
In describing thee like this,
Patient ever, kind and true;
So may not I be fond of you?

The Pet Kitten.

The dearest little kitten,
That ever you did see,
One bright October morning,
A little girl brought to me.

'Twas pure maltese from head to tail
With eyes so clear and bright.
I thought I'd keep it for my boy;
For pets are his delight.

The day was scarcely ended,
When in an old cat came;
And began to call the kitten,
I suppose it knew its name;

For out of sleep it bounded,
And rushed to her embrace;
And lovingly the mother,
Kisses its lips and face.

So good-bye, my kitten,
For home you have to go.
I will not keep anothers pet,
'Twould not be right you know.

Old Father Time.

Oh! see that decrepit old lady,
She was once as fair as a Queen;
All gone are the dimples and roses,
She possessed at the age of sixteen.

Old Father Time
Is moving along;
We cannot resist him,
No matter how strong.

His hand is laid
On the old and the young;
And the debris of ages
In his pathway is strung.

He breathes on the flowers,
As he passes them by,
Soon they are withered,
And droop and die.

The rain and the sunshine,
The frost and the snow,
All mingle together
As onward they go.

Past herds of cattle,
  And grazing sheep;
Changing forever
  As onward they sweep.

Old Father Time
  Is on our track;
The moments that're past
  He never brings back.

Where will the line
  Of distinction be drawn,
When the light of eternity
  On us shall dawn?

Will we think of the treasures
  Possessed on earth,
Of rubies and diamonds
  Of untold worth?

The Liquor Dealer.

What right have you;
Vain man, can you tell?
To poison my children,
And send them to hell.

To entice them to drink,
What will damn their soul.
You must be under
The Devil's control.

I pray that those victims,
You've sent to their death,
May rise up before you,
With their firey breath.

May haunt you by day,
And pursue you by night;
'Till you give up the traffic,
And learn to do right.

For as sure as you live,
There's a God in Heaven:
To whom you must flee,
If you're ever forgiven.

I warn you to hasten,
Ere it be too late;
For then you would share
The drunkard's sad fate.

August 26, 1892.

The Lullaby.

Gentle infant, sweetly sleeping,
In my arms so free from guile;
Safe I trust you in God's keeping;
May he ever on you smile.

Youth upon thy brow is written;
May thy life be free from care.
Sorrow may it ne'er be written,
On thy lovely face so fair.

Soft and downy is thy pillow,
Little bed so nice and warm;
Angel spirits hovering o'er thee,
To protect thee from all harm.

May thy coming days progressing,
Brighten as you journey on;
Noble deeds, thy life expressing,
That will live when thou art gone

A Warning.

Dear girls, take a friend's kindly
warning;
Don't flirt with strange men
when they come;
Or the world will receive you
with scorning,
And sorrow drive joy from
your home.

A good name is worth more
than diamonds,
Or wealth from the depth of
the sea;
But when you are flirting with
strangers,
Your good name is in
jeopardy.

Dear girls, take a frinnd's
kindly warning;
Those men will just laugh
in their sleeves;
While the world will receive you
with scorning;
And your dear mother's heart
you will grieve.

There's no harm in a good
select party,
At a neighbors or at your own
home;
But street corners are no place
for a lady,
In the absence of the light
of the moon.

Oh! think of that dear, loving
mother,
And the gray hair that covers
her brow;
No doubt they were brought on by
sorrow;
Oh! why will you grieve her
so now?

Don't dance with a false hearted
father,
Whose wife may be weeping
at home;
To be an old maid I would
rather,
All free from disgrace,
Tho' alone.

Age.

My life on earth
  Will soon be past;
My eyes are failing
  Very fast.

I have to strain them
  Now, to see
My children, when
  They go from me.

I used to watch them
  With delight;
As they came home
  From school at night

Now all are gone
  But one, ah! me,
And he has reached
  Maturity.

The time is near,
  He'll soon be gone;
Then we'll be left
  Sad and alone.

No Fear.

I know the Lord will keep me,
He's kept me all these years;
And for my future destiny,
He's banished all my fears.

The breath of life he gives me.
And all I have to eat.
The clothes I wear and the balmy air,
And the birds that sing so sweet.

All nature is rejoicing,
In the sunshine of his love.
So we should raise our voice in praise
To God who reigns above.

He has spread a carpet for our feet,
Of grass so soft and green;
With flowers rare, strewn everywhere,
With purple and golden sheen.

I Don't Believe.

I don't believe in saying,
"You're saved and sanctified";
Then,"I'll go with your husband
when I please";
For then we know you've lied.

I don't believe in teaching
Others the narrow way,
And then neglect your own feet,
And let them go astray.

I don't believe in making a hobby
Of flowers,ruffles and wings,
And then indulge the habit,
Of worse forbidden things.

I don't believe in condemning others,
For running about at night;
And then indulge the habit,
With the greatest of delight.

I don't believe in your saying,
You're pure and good and true;
When we know so very well,
The many evil things you do.

I don't believe in leaving,
Little babes at home alone;
Then run about at random,
Meddling with business
not your own.

I don't believe in going,
Miles away to worship God;
And leave your children all alone,
Perhaps on the downward road.

I don't believe the people,
Are so blind they cannot see;
And the example you are setting,
You'll reap in eternity.

For the seed that you've been sowing,
Is now beyond your control;
May God in his great mercy,
Have mercy on your soul.

Sept. 3, 1894.

My Childhood Days.

Come back, Come back,
  My childhood's happy days;
With all its innocence and ways.
  With father and mother,
Sisters and brother;
  We all were so happy
When we were together.

'Twas a happy day,
  With all, at least
When we met together
  At the Holiday feast.
With rosy cheeks
  And sparkling eyes,
And hearts of cheer,
  With "good-day" and "good-bye".

Come back, come back,
I cry in vain;
Those days will never
Come again.
Those loved ones now
Have passed away;
Their time had come,
They could not stay.

I think of them now,
In a happier sphere,
Than when we last met
Together here.
I'm trying to live,
So that when I die,
I can meet them again,
In their home on high.

Nov. 8, 1896.

My Boys.

The storms of life are fierce and bold,
That o'er my pathway sweep.
They've borne my noble boys away,
On the bosom of the deep.

They're drifting now, I know not where,
On life's uncertain way;
Oh, God! be merciful, and spare,
Their precious lives, I pray.

Lord, kindly guard my boys, I pray,
Fromthe alluring snares of sin;
And incline the hearts of the people,
To kindly take them in.

Echoes From A Better Land.

She seemed to be talking to
me one day,
And these are the words she
seemed to say;
"I'm your daughter, your
sweet little pet,
And I'm your teacher,
And don't you forget."

"I'm trying to lead you,
To the realms of day,
Just over the river,
Not far away.
I work my impressions on
hearts and ear,
And yet you can't see me,
Altho' I'm so near."

My Visitors.

You surely made me a visit last night;
  Ella and Charlie and Pearl.
She said, "Ma", as she raised
  Her arms to me,
The precious sweet little girl.

I said, "You darling, sweet little pet";
  So very real it seemed.
I opened my eyes
  When, lo, I found
That I had only dreamed.

Feb.19, 1888.

The Earth.

The earth is the Lord's,
And the fulness thereof;
Tho' some may jeer,
And laugh and scoff.

He holds their breath
In his hand, 'tis clear;
By the way they're passing
From this earthly sphere.

There're Lords, very many,
And Gods, not a few.
For the Bible says so;
And it's proved itself true.

The God that I worship,
Has mansions on high;
And I trust that he'll take me
Up there, by and by.

Sept. 20, 1893.

The Deceitful Old Maid.

I herewith attempt,
  But a feeble description,
Of the mysteries concealed,
  By the vilest deception.

There lives a strange creature,
  In our peaceable town,
That puts a wet cloth,
  On the top of her crown.

For some cause or other
  Her hair has come out;
And onions have failed
  To induce it to sprout.

Sometimes an old shawl,
  About her is thrown,
And she sits herself down,
  With a hiss and a groan.

Ere a minute has passed,
  With a puff she then starts,
And slamming the door,
  From the room she departs.

For the space of five minutes,
  Death-like stillness will reign;
And back she will come,
  To repeat it again.

The family is seized
  With an unholy fear;
Whenever those storms
  Of her anger appear.

She has no foundation,
  Nor wants an excuse;
She will choose her own subject,
  Then commence her abuse.

The weaker the person,
  The more she will storm;
Fills each one in her presence
  With dread and alarm.

Unnerved for years,
  By such unearthly actions,
They dare not resist
  Her evil transactions.

Connected with this
  Is the wildest deceit;
If a stranger should enter,
  She would play saint complete.

By some she is called
  The sanctified saint;
Not being aware of
  Her satanic complaint.

She entere the house
  Of God, with a smile;
With a heart of deceit,
  Intent to beguile.

With an air of feigned meekness,
  She then takes her seat;
And lamb-like demeanor,
  Her success to complete.

The storm being over,
  She wanders in doubt;
And yet she is ready,
  To pray or to shout.

Mistaken Love.

Heavenly Father,
  Give light from above;
That the people may know
  The true meaning of love.

I hear they are doing,
  Such naughty, bad tricks;
They've got love and lust
  So terribly mixed.

And yet they are harping,
  On this same old string;
This kind is mixed up with
  Almost everything.

Oh! that the people would
  Wake up and beware;
This deception has proved,
  But a trap and a snare.

My Son.

Charlie, if you ever was
  Proud in your life,
You must have been,
  Of your baby and wife.

If they looked as sweet
  As they did that day,
When they bid us farewell
  And went away.

Dear little Pearl,
  With her eyes of blue;
Her sweet red lips,
  And pink cheeks too.

All aglow with
  Life and light;
Making her look
  So sweet and bright

We never, never,
Can forget,
The precious darling,
Sweet little pet.

My own, sweet one,
So bright and gay,
To meet her own dear hubby,
Hurried away.

I trust you are all, now
Happy as birds;
Soothing each other
With kind loving words.

Jan. 30, 1888

The Comforting Spirit.

Lay up your treasures in heaven,
They are better than treasures of earth.
earth.
For when your sins are forgiven,
You're free from the terrors of
death.

Lay up your treasures in heaven;
And the comforting spirit will come.
He'll smooth all the pathway of sorrow,
And guide you so tenderly home.

The gentle influence hovering near,
To mortal eyes doth not appear;
Yet we feel it in the soul,
When beneath its sweet control.

Increase my faith, confirm my hope,
I'm trusting Lord, in thee;
I know that thou canst bear me up,
Through all eternity.

Mar. 21, 1888.

Be Charitable.

Lift up the fallen,
This is the song.
"Feed them up, dress them up";
Help them along.

But warn all others,
To not go astray;
Thinking you'll help all,
In the same way.

Beware of a premium,
Offered for sin;
For Satan is ready,
To be stepping right in.

May 13, 1896.

The Greedy Miller.

Old Father Time
  Has a great big mill;
Whose wheel turns 'round,
  And never stands still.

It keeps turning and turning,
  And grinding away;
For Old Father Time
  Is bound to have his pay.

Just so with a certain miller,
  Commander of the wheel;
Who grinds the souls of men,
  As well as corn to meal.

All things have an end,
  For time shall be no more,
Except the eternal elements,
  When this fleeting life is o'er.

Those who have no mercy
On their workmen here below;
The Lord will have no mercy on them,
When from this world they go.

Then there's Mr. Tariff,
Comes in with a grin,
Says he, "I can make
That old wheel spin";

"By making poor people
Think times will be brighter;
And turning this vise
A little bit tighter".

Jan.13, 1893.

The Trance.

Bury me not,
  She pleadingly said;
Bury me not, 'till
  You know I'm dead.

Be not in haste,
  To lay me away;
Thinking I'm only
  Inanimate clay.

Many mistakes
  Thus have been made;
Many alive in the grave,
  Have been laid.

Many awoke
  In this horrible state;
Tearing their hair,
  At the thought of their fate.

Found in the coffin,
  With signs of despair,
The clothes being rent,
  The hands full of hair.

Try every means in
  Your power ,to know;
Be sure that I'm dead,
  Ere you lay me low.

Please to keep poison
  Away from my form;
It's only a fashion,
  Which might do much harm.

People have often
  Awoke from a trance;
But when doped with poison
  They'll not have the chance.

Bleed me, or stick me
  With pins, if you will;
And be not afraid
  If I do not keep still .

Dec. 20, 1895.

Courage.

Now, sister, take courage,
  And don't be cast down;
There's a brighter day dawning,
  You may have a new gown.

Don't let the old tempter,
  Some desolate day,
Through privation and sorrow,
  Ever lead you astray.

Be firm in the right,
  As you ever have been;
Trusting in God,
  The right's sure to win.

We've a very good prospect,
  'Tis very good news;
Prepare yourself for it,
  Don't jump out of your shoes.

We've heard from our fortune,
They say its a sure thing,
And soon will be settled;
What joy 'twill bring!

We've heard from Moses,
And Wilmington too;
And twice from St. Louis,
See what Baker can do!

He's now representing,
Just twenty-four heirs;
And soon will be ready,
To come in for their shares.

Take courage, I trust
The time may soon come,
That you'll have money,
To bring you safe home.

Be True.

We're not put in this world,
Just merely for fun;
There's a Heaven to gain,
And a Hell to shun.

Pretending to be good,
Will never ,never do;
In word, deed and action,
To God we must be true.

We cannot be too careful,
When we walk the narrow way.
The evil one is watching,
To lead the soul astray.

March 18,1888.

Death.

Death don't seem to me
  As it used to be at all;
Only a step,
  And that step seems so small.

If we've lived rightly,
  Approved by the Lord,
'Twill be " come up higher,
  Receive your reward."

Pearl Of Purity.

This is all the world to me,
The precious pearl of purity.
I do not for wealth contend,
But make humanity my friend.

I shun deceptions treacherous art;
I will not act so base a part;
Wisdoms ways to me are more,
Than all the earth can hold in store.

Let my robes be righteousness;
To live for God and peacefulness;
With flower of love,from the throne above;
My plumes,perseverance and usefulness.

Those earthly robes are not to me
Worthy contention;
I'm looking for a glorious robe,
To suit the heavenly mansions.

Cast your sinful rags aside;
Come meet your friends on heavens side;
The spirit and the bride say come,
In heaven for you there yet is room.

Oh! what glorious scenes are there,
Sweet anthems fill the balmy air.
In robes of white in God's pure light,
Be decked with honors armor bright.

Oh! for the fruits of the Spirit,
And the understanding,
To guide our feet right up,
'Till we reach the heavenly landing.

God's saints in praise around the throne,
We'll know each other as we're known
Free from sorrow, care and pain,
Never more to part again.

Our Teachers.

We trust our precious children,
To their teachers kindly care;
And you who gently guide them,
Will receive our grateful prayer.

We have such a noble teacher.
Her name is Miss Blodgett;
We wish that very many
Would patronize her logic.

She looks to the interest of their health,
As well as their education.
She would make some man a noble wife,
If she'd accept that situation.

She guards our precious children,
As if they were her own.
And shields them from the chilling blast,
Through open windows blown.

I wish thatevery teacher would be
Like Miss Blodgett, kind and good,
In poverty as well as wealth,
Thus mindful of their children's
health.

A steady draught of air may chill,
A feeble child or make it ill.
And if it dies, who is to blame,
But the thoughtless source from
whence it came.

We are all aware that warmth is life;
That cold is death,education, strife.
Then while we're striving for to gain it
We need ample warmth for to sustain it

And I believe as a "golden rule",
There's Moderation in Miss Blodgetts
school.
And if the pupils complain of cold,
She lets them warm,so I am told.

The Rum Seller.

Heavenly Father,
  Please answer our prayers;
For we're trying to climb,
  Up the golden stair.

Please make the rum sellers,
  Let father alone;
For they've brought a disgrace,
  That is not our own.

The demon lies in the liquor cup
  In the liquor cup;
That's drinking our victuals
  And clothing up.

While up and down
  The street, as you see,
Hungry and ragged,
  And dirty are we

The money for soap,
  To wash our clothes,
Has got my papa,
  That horrid red nose.

They tease him to drink,
  Their whisky and wine;
That they may have houses,
  And carriages fine.

Heavenly Father,
  Give them to see,
There's an never ending
  Eternity.

And that they're on
  The downward track;
To regions from whence
  They can never come back.

That their money will perish,
  And they'll have to meet
Their victims, who're now
  In that horrible heat.

May they haunt them by day,
  And pursue them by night;
And sneer in their ears,
  "You made me tight".

And never a bit
  Of pity, you'll get,
For you sent me down here,
  To this horrible pit.

And the coals we'll pile,
  On the top of your head;
'Till you'll wish a thousand
  Times you're dead.

Death will flee from you;
  God open your eyes;
That you plainly may see,
  The soul never dies.

My Giant Friend.

I've an old giant friend,
And his name is Right.
To walk in his company,
Is my delight.

My old giant friend
Is firm and strong.
And wherever I go,
I'll have him along.

My old friend Right,
Never leads me wrong.
Amd I love him because,
He is so bold and strong.

So noble and grand,
So good and pure.
And a home in Heaven,
Through him I'll secure.

July 3, 1894.

Divinity.

I try, but fail
To tell the story,
Of the goodness of
The King of Glory.

How he gives me
Life and light and love;
And power to think
And act and move.

We, to ourselves,
Are a mystery;
Created by
Divinity.

My spirit through mortal
Eyes looks out;
I behold, and yet
Am left in doubt;

What my spirit can
    Really be;
Well knowing it is
    A part of me.

Thus we behold
    The works of God;
Are bowed beneath
    The chastising rod.

Yet his face
    We cannot see;
Because he is
    Divinity.

Move on to victory;
    Battle for the right;
Right is the only way,
    In which I delight.
        Jan.3, 1888.

The Contribution.

I went to my husband,
  Though not in tears,
And said,"we've been married
  For twenty years";

"And you never gave me
  A penny,to put in
The contribution;
  Now, I think it a sin."

So he gave me a penny,
  'Twas better than not any,
Yes, he gave me a penny
  To pay for those twenty years.

I dropped in the penny,
  'Twas but a small mite,
But to me it reflected,
  A wonderful light.

It led me to think
  Of the wrongs and the right,
And to think,
  "Has the woman any?"

Oh yes, to use,
  The tub and the broom,
To wash dirty clothes,
  And tidy the room.

To care for the children,
To plan and contrive,
And to be the busiest
Bee in the hive.

And when I come
To reckon my pay,
It don't amount
To ten cents a day.

And out of this
My clothing supplied;
And most of the
Table linen beside.

And I think, Ah,me!
Oh! why was made;
And how will my church dues,
Ever be paid.

I'm not able to take
In washing like some;
While their children are squalling
Or sucking their thumb.

But I've studied economy
All of my life;
Been an economical,
Dutiful wife.

Ambition.

If you appreciate ambition,
  Never crush it in a child.
Nor attempt to force submission,
  To gratify the low and vile.

There're many natures to contend with,
  While teaching a public school.
Many little false accusers,
  Who delight to break the rule.

While throwing paper wads or spitting,
  Or anything that will annoy.
And when questioned why they did it,
  Say it was the other boy.

That other boy,tho' true and noble,
  Denied the right of self defense,
Is forced to bear the jeers and jesting,
  Of those who ought to have more sense.

That little boy, a perfect hero,
  Bears his trials like a man;
And is not allowed to murmur,
  While they persecute him all they can.

Little boy be kind and patient,
  The road is long that has no turn.
If you do not get discouraged,
  They from you will a lesson learn.

May 28, 1888.

Fashion.

If of fashion you must talk,
  Be watchful of your daily walk;
For I cannot help but see,
  That fashion leads you more than me.

There is plaiting on my dress,'tis true;
  I'm sure that need not rouble you.
You say you're walking in the light,
  And crotchet lace with all your might;

I have a higher aim in view,
  Than telling others what they must do.
I believe in precepy anfi example,
  And on righteous actions
    Will not trample.

Thiss dress contention, I declare,
  I think is getting quite thread-bare.
The spirit of evil is in it too;
  The fruit is bad,I think, don't you?

Some get together and talk for hours,
  Of the world and dress and feathers
    and flowers.
Now, Christians, this ought not to be,
  For the Lord,"he pondereth the heart"
    said he.

Now,I think it's very nice,
  In christian kindness to give advice,
But this I don't intend to do,
  Be holding up the world to view.

Jan. 30, 1888.

Be Ready.

This is the way
  We all should be;
Prepared to meet
  God and eternity.

Our bodies are failing,
  Beyond a doubt.
Our Spirits should be ready,
  With joy to move out.

Of this miserable tenement
  House of clay.
For at least we've not long
  On this earth to stay.

We come and we go,
  Are gone and forgot;
And all things move on
  Just as if we were not.

But our spirit continues,
  To live on forever;
They've only been wafted
  Across the river.

The beautiful River
Of Life and Light;
For the pure in heart,
Will be angels bright.

Oh! let me walk,
The shining way;
Onward and upward,
To the perfect day.

Oh! let me meet
The loved ones there;
'Mid the joys of Heaven,
And its glories share.

God forbid,
That any should be,
Lost to me
In Eternity.

Jan. 7, 1891.

War.

We all, as it were,
  With abated breath,
Seemed to look,
  In the face of death.

Then raised our thoughts
  To God on high;
In one continuous,
  Piteous cry.

Trust.

The Lord will fight all
    my battles,
No matter what people
      may say.
My trust was in him
  when I started;
And I ever will trust him,
    alway.

Youth And Old Age.

I once was fair, at least 'twas said,
My eyes and cheeks with health
were aglow.
But youth will fade and in the grave
be laid;
The old, the young, the high
and the low.
Feb. 4, 1888.

I'm growing very weary,
And trust I'll soon go home,
To see the precious loved ones,
Who look for me to come.

And then if God will let me,
I hope to hover round
The ever precious loved ones,
That I'll leave upon the ground.

Aug. 20, 1889.

Contention.

Get hold of the pearl of purity,
  And in the light be walking,
With gentleness and peacefulness,
  And then there'll be less talking.

Do not condemn in others,
  The idols that you cherish;
Else you be beat with many stripes,
  And left outside to perish.

If ruffles are so great a sin,
  The cost is more for laces.
Don't cover them with a plain deep hem;
  Deception brings disgraces.

My light's to do the master's will;
  No matter what clothes I wear.
And to the world say,"Peace,be still,"
  And of evil deeds beware.

I want to think and act aright,
In everything I do.
Thus a good example set,
And the road to heaven pursue.

Try the spirit, by the fruit
You can surely see,
If is has a bad effect,
Let contention be.

Let's not contend, my dear, dear friend,
About these earthly things;
But with a heart of love,
Live for a crown, a harp and wings.

Think no more of earth's vain store,
We soon shall fly away.
Raise your heart above, to the
God of Love,
And dwell in endless day.

Jan. 1, 1888.

Your Sins.

If you condemn others,
  For what you do yourself,
You cannot help but see,
  That your a good for nothing elf.

This is a world of reality;
  A place to prepare for Heaven.
Your sins are sure to find you out,
  Tho' to hide them you have striven.

Feb. 4, 1888.

Your sins will always find you out,
  No matter how hard you try
To shrink from observation.
  You'll be found out by and by.

The eye of God is upon you,
  And sees just what you do.
So you'd better stop your sinning,
  And the punishment that's due.

May 15,1896.

The Soul.

The beauty of the soul
  Is pure, deep and true;
This beauty, dear sister,
  God's given to you.

The flowers will wither
  And fade in a day.
But the beauty of the soul
  Is lovely alway.

July 8, 1893.

The Harvest.

Lo! the harvest is great,
  And the fields are white;
We need to work,
  With all our might.

The crop of sin,
  Is growing fast;
Our time on earth
  Will soon be past.

The Road to Heaven.

There're many stations on this line,
While going we can sup and dine.
We'll have a feast at half past seven,
With a fresh supply of the bread of
heaven.

Come sinners, there's room for you;
The very best thing you can do,
Is to get your ticket and come along,
Our company is millions strong.

The ticket we must all posess,
Is the Royal robe of Righteousness.
Don't put it off another day,
Come walk the bright and shining way.

Moral.

We shall know,
As we are known,
When we meet
Around the throne.

Let us then
Be firm and true;
Guard well our thoughts,
And actions, too.

May 13, 1896.

Obedience.

How weak we are
In the hands of the Lord;
And yet how strong
When he's near.
If we'll always obey the commands
In his word,
We've nothing on earth
To fear.

Passing Away.

By and by I'll pass away;
And you'll come too
Some future day.
For just as sure
As God gives us breath,
None can escape
The hand of death.

God of wisdom, light and love,
Beholding all
From thy throne above,
Draw my mind to thee,
I pray,
And help me walk
In wisdom's way.

Adieu.

Away from this miserable
  World of care;
Where there's many a pitfall
  And many a snare.
My love's for Heaven,
  And not for you,
So vain, delusive world,
  Adieu.

Up.

Up, up, up,

  Like a bird
    Upon the wing.
To be with
  Holy angels,
Forever more
  To sing.

Aug. 20, 1889.

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